

No. 96

BACK THE 6TH WAR LOAN!



IND

The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

FEB.
10c.



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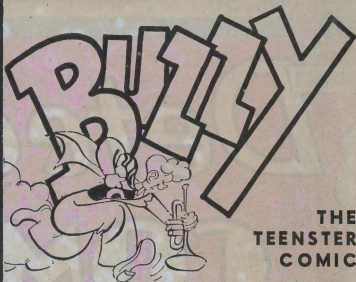
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



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For rib-tickling humor
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AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS
10¢



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

WITH RAMPANT
CRIME CHALLENGING
DECENT CITIZENS EVERY-
WHERE, ALFRED, AMBITIOUS
BUTLER TO **BATMAN** AND
ROBIN, FINDS HIS HOUSEHOLD
TASKS UNBEARABLY HUMDRUM,
BUT WHEN HE FARES FORTH
SINGLE-HANDED TO DO HIS BIT
FOR LAW AND ORDER, HE FINDS
HIMSELF ENMESHED IN A CRIMINAL
SNARE— AND WINS A DUBIOUS
TRIUMPH ONLY AFTER THE **DYNAMIC
DUO** PITS THUNDERING FISTS AND
LIGHTNING WAGS AGAINST DEADLY
ODDS TO SALVAGE THE
CHECKERED CAREER OF—

“**ALFRED,
PRIVATE
DETECTIVE!**”



A PLEADING VOICE IS RAISED IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN-ABOUT-TOWN...

CAN'T I GO WITH YOU ON TONIGHT'S PROWL, SIR, IN HONOR O' FINISHIN' MY MAIL ORDER COURSE IN CRIMINOLOGY?

SORRY, ALFRED—ONE DOESN'T LEARN ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT CROOKS BY MAIL!

THEN THERE'S THIS LITTLE VOLUME WHICH I'VE PERUSED TILL I KNOW IT BY HEART, SIR!



NOR FROM BOOKS, EITHER, ALFRED!

DON'T FEEL BADLY, ALFRED! YOU'VE HELPED US MANY TIMES, AND WILL AGAIN—BUT TONIGHT WE'RE AFTER STONEY PETERS!

AND HE BOSSES THE MOST DANGEROUS GANG OF THIEVES IN GOTHAM CITY!

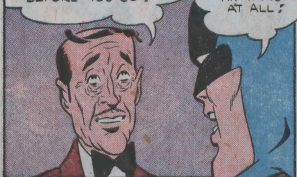


FORGIVE ME, MR. WAYNE AND MAWSTER DICK! MIGHT I ASK A FAVOR BEFORE YOU GO?

OF COURSE! ANYTHING AT ALL!

I'VE A MONTH'S HOLIDAY DUE, AND YOU SAID I MIGHT TAKE IT ANY TIME? WOULD IT INCONVENIENCE YOU IF I SHOULD START TONIGHT?

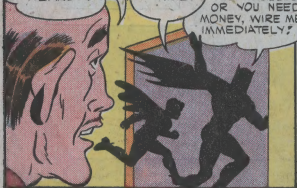
TONIGHT?... WHY CERTAINLY, START TONIGHT IF YOU WANT TO! BUT WHERE WILL YOU GO?



I'D RATHER NOT SAY PRECISELY, BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON... BUT I'M ANXIOUS TO VISIT A CERTAIN CITY NEARBY!

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY, BATMAN! IT'S ALMOST TIME!

ALL RIGHT, ALFRED! HAVE A GOOD TIME! AND IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE, OR YOU NEED MONEY, WIRE ME IMMEDIATELY!



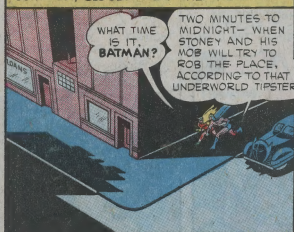
IN ITS UNDERGROUND GARAGE, THE POWERFUL BATMOBILE AWAITS THE DYNAMIC DUO...

POOR ALFRED! HE TRIES SO HARD—AND YET WHEN THERE'S A TICKLISH JOB TO DO, LIKE THIS ONE, HE'S APT TO BE MORE BOTHER THAN HELP!

I HOPE WE DIDN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS... PROBABLY A MONTH'S CHANGE OF SCENERY WILL DO HIM GOOD!



NEAR THE OFFICES OF A LARGE LOAN COMPANY, CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT...

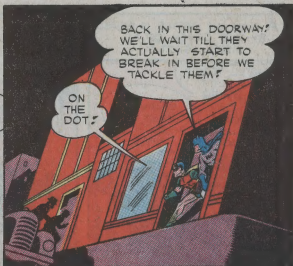


WHAT TIME IS IT, BATMAN?

TWO MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT— WHEN STONEY AND HIS MOB WILL TRY TO ROB THE PLACE, ACCORDING TO THAT UNDERWORLD TIPSTER!

BACK IN THIS DOORWAY! WE'LL WAIT TILL THEY ACTUALLY START TO BREAK IN BEFORE WE TACKLE THEM!

ON THE DOT!



A HARDBOILED AND EXPERT BAND OF THIEVES, PREPARES FOR ACTION...

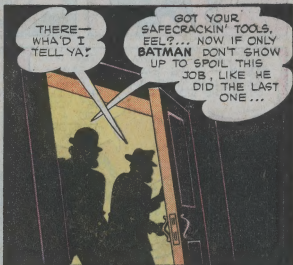
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE FORTY GRAND IN THE SAFE! FINGERS, GO TO WORK ON THIS DOOR!

I'LL OPEN IT WITHOUT A TINKLE FROM DA ALARM SYSTEM, STONEY!



THERE— WHA'D I TELL YA!

GOT YOUR SAFECRACKIN' TOOLS, EEL?... NOW IF ONLY BATMAN DON'T SHOW UP TO SPOIL THIS JOB, LIKE HE DID THE LAST ONE...



SUDDENLY...

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, STONEY— BUT WE COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION!

YIIIIII! IT'S THEM!



THIS TIME YOU WON'T FIND IT SO EASY TO GET AWAY!

YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND A LONG-TIME BEHIND DOORS YOU CAN'T OPEN, FINGERS!

HERE'S WHERE I SETTLE THINGS FOR GOOD!

TSK, TSK! AIMING AT THE STARS AGAIN!



A GALLANT BATTLE IS ENDED BY THE CRASH OF A PISTOL SHOT?

THAT'LL TEACH YA TO BUTT INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS!

BATMAN! THEY'VE GOT HIM!

NICE WORK STONEY!

SHUT UP, AN LETS GET OUTA HERE BEFORE THAT SHOOTIN BRINGS THE COPS!

BATMAN! WAKE UP! SAY SOMETHING!

FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT HED KILLED YOU!

JUST A FLESH WOUND... KNOCKED ME OUT FOR A MINUTE?... SO THE RATS GOT AWAY AGAIN!

BUT WELL GET THEM. **ROBIN** - IF WE HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

SAY IT AGAIN - AND THEN I'LL GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDEOUT OF STONEY PETERS AND HIS GANG, A MOMENTOUS CONFERENCE IS TAKING PLACE...

BUT WHADDA WE GOTTA LAM FOR, STONEY? IF HE'S WOUNDED, HE WON'T BOTHER US FOR A LONG TIME - AN' IF HE'S DEAD, HE WON'T NEVER BOTHER US!

YOU FOOL! IF HE'S DEAD, THE COPS WILL MAKE THIS TOWN TOO HOT TO HOLD ANY OF US - AND IF HE ISN'T, **BATMAN** WILL NEVER REST TILL HES SENT US ALL TO THE BIG HOUSE!

BUT WHERE'LL WE LAM TO?

TO MIDDLETON! IT'S A RICH CITY, CLOSE BY. AN' THEY AIN'T BEEN BOTHERED MUCH WITH CRIME LATELY!

WHICH MEANS **BATMAN** AN' **ROBIN** AIN'T HAD NO CAUSE TO GET ACQUAINTED THERE!

MIDDLETON, DID STONEY SAY? WELL, WELL - WHAT A COINCIDENCE!

SO THIS IS MIDDLETON. WHERE I WILL SHOW THE MAWSTERS - BLESS EM - THAT ALFRED IS A BETTER SLEUTH THAN THEY SUSPECT!

PRESENTLY THE CITIZENS OF MIDDLETON ARE MADE AWARE OF A NEW ENTERPRISE IN THEIR MIDST...

ETON GAZETTE

Alfred Beagle

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

SHADOWING
SLEUTHING
DEDUCTION
INDUCTION

GRADUATE CUM LAUDE OF
HIVES' CRIMINOLOGICAL
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

**INFORMATION
DISCREETLY
DEVELOPED!**

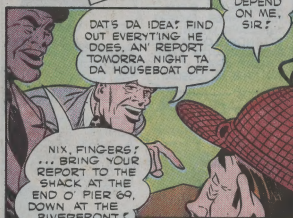
Alfred BEAGLE
PRIVATE DETECTIVE

CROOKS CAUGHT CHEAP
ALFRED BEAGLE
PRIVATE DETECTIVE

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR MY FIRST CASE— AND THIS MAY BE IT!



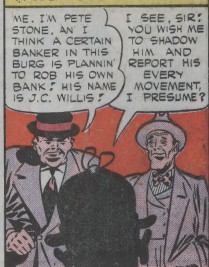
YOU MAY DEPEND ON ME, SIR!

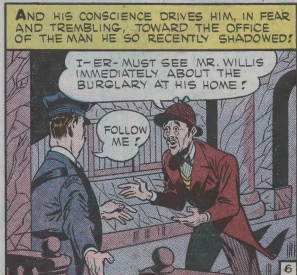
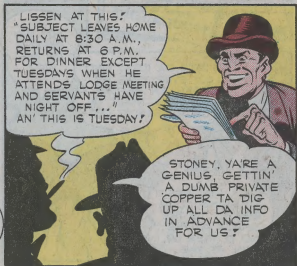
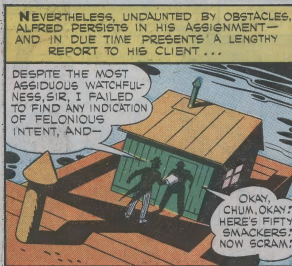
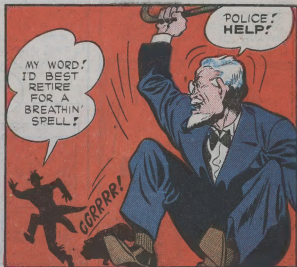
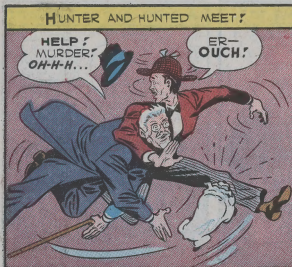


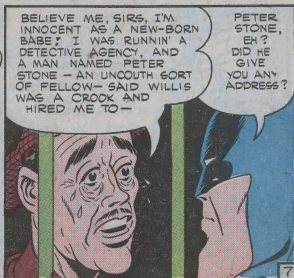
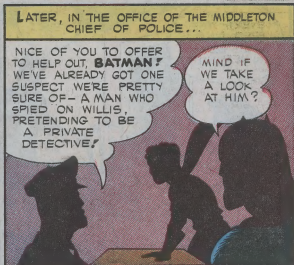
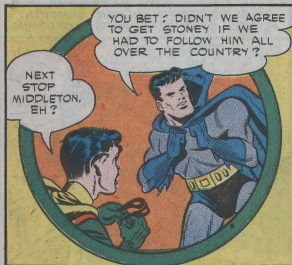
So
LATER...

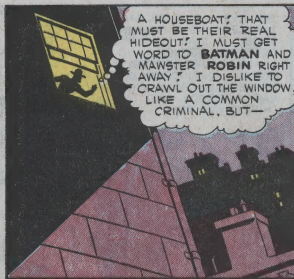
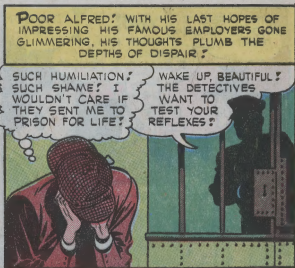
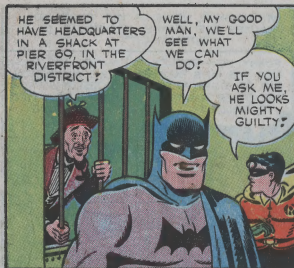


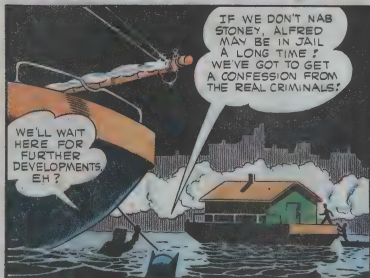
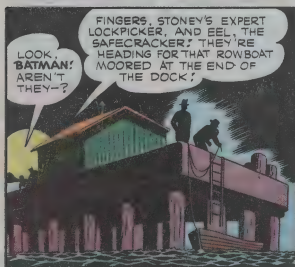
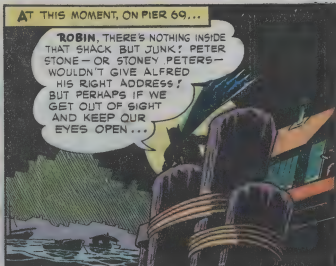
A CLIENT—AND WHAT A CLIENT!

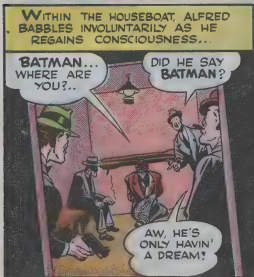
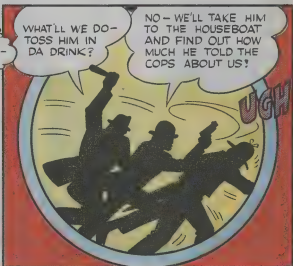
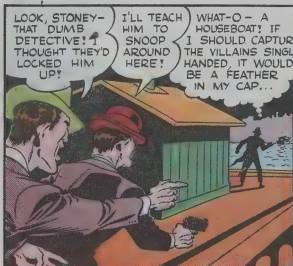


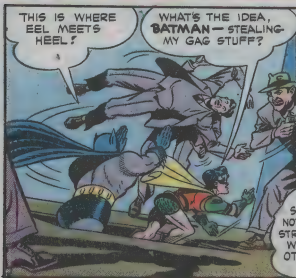
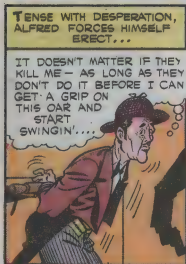
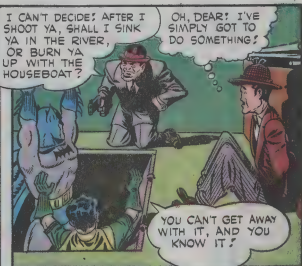


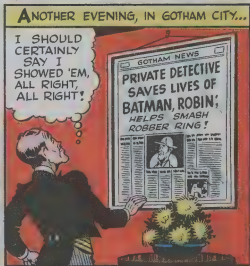
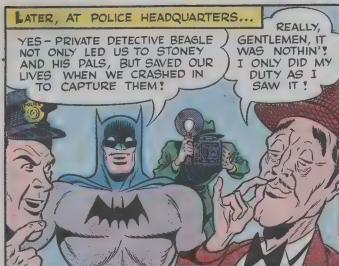
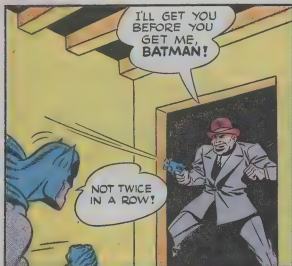












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National Carbon Company, Inc.*



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN THAT BIG, READY-FISTED, TRIGGER-BRAINED DETECTIVE, SLAM BRADLEY, AND HIS PINT-SIZED PAL, SHORTY MORGAN, CHANCE UPON AN INNOCENT-LOOKING MARKETING LIST, THEY FILL A LARGE ORDER OF FAST-MOVING, SLEDGE-HAMMER ACTION TO SHATTER A BAFFLING SET-UP OF...

"BARGAINS IN BURGLARY!"



A WINDY DAY IN THE BIG CITY...

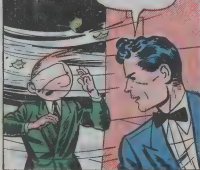
LIKE I SAID, SLAM, NOTHIN'S BEEN STIRRING IN TOWN FOR A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!

TUT, TUT, SHORTY—IF THIS WIND WERE A TRIFLE MORE STIRRING, IT'D BLOW YOU AWAY!



HEY! DARN THIS WIND.

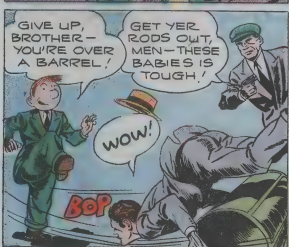
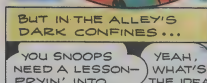
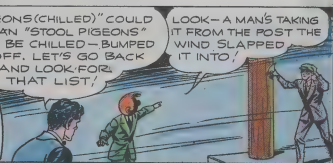
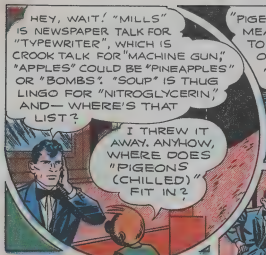
ADD THAT SCRAP OF PAPER TO YOUR SALVAGE COLLECTION, RUNT!

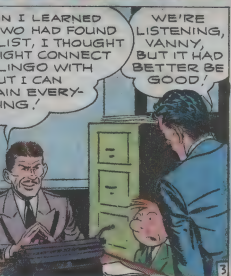
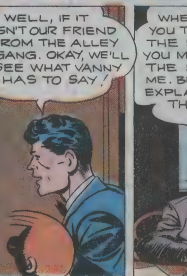
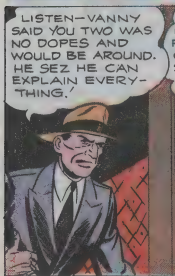
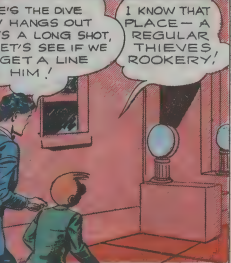
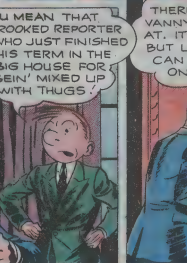
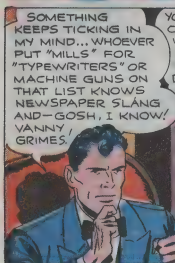
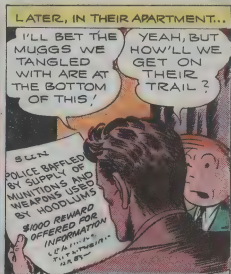


IT'S SOME HOUSEWIFE'S SHOPPING LIST—"6 DOZ. APPLES, 3 CANS SOUP, 2 PIGEONS (CHILLED), 5 MILLS—" WHAT'S MILLS, ANYWAY?

NOT BEING A HOUSEWIFE, I COULDN'T SAY. COME ON, LET'S GET ON TO THE APARTMENT!







MINUTES LATER...

THEY'RE GONE. FUNNY THEY DIDN'T FINISH US OFF!

MAYBE THEY THOUGHT THE FIRE ESCAPE DID!

LATER, IN THEIR APARTMENT...

I'LL BET THE MUGGS WE TANGLED WITH ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

YEAH, BUT HOW'LL WE GET ON THEIR TRAIL?

SEN
POLICE BAFLED BY SUPPLY OF MUNITIONS AND WEAPONS USED BY HOODLUNS
\$1000 REWARD OFFERED FOR INFORMATION
C. H. ...
T. ...
W. ...

SOMETHING KEEPS TICKING IN MY MIND... WHOEVER PUT "MILLS" FOR "TYPEWRITERS" OR MACHINE GUNS ON THAT LIST KNOWS NEWSPAPER SLANG AND—GOSH, I KNOW! VANNY GRIMES.

YOU MEAN THAT CROOKED REPORTER WHO JUST FINISHED HIS TERM IN THE BIG HOUSE FOR BEIN' MIXED UP WITH THUGS!

THERE'S THE DIVE VANNY HANGS OUT AT. IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET A LINE ON HIM!

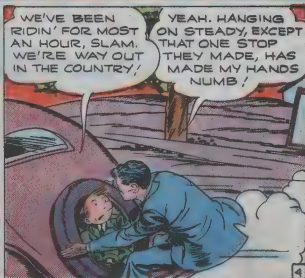
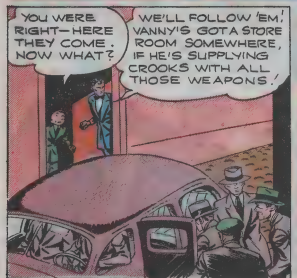
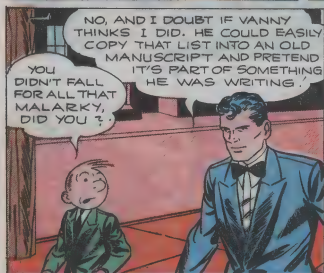
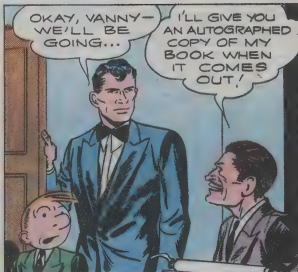
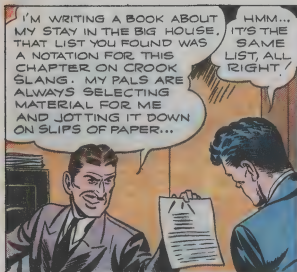
I KNOW THAT PLACE—A REGULAR THIEVES ROOKERY!

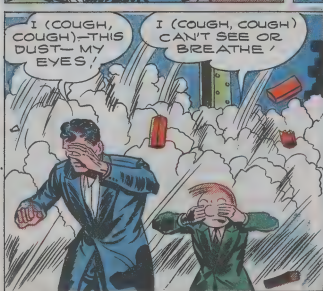
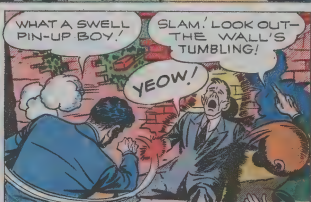
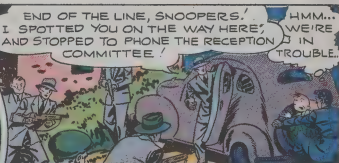
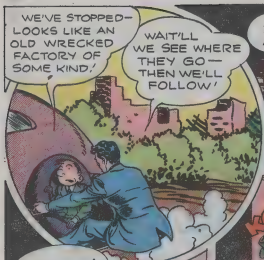
LISTEN—VANNY SAID YOU TWO WAS NO DOPES AND WOULD BE AROUND. HE SEZ HE CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR FRIEND FROM THE ALLEY GANG. OKAY, WE'LL SEE WHAT VANNY HAS TO SAY!

WHEN I LEARNED YOU TWO HAD FOUND THE LIST, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT CONNECT THE LINGO WITH ME. BUT I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

WE'RE LISTENING, VANNY, BUT IT HAD BETTER BE GOOD!





PRESENTLY...

KEEP AN EYE ON THEM, BOYS, WHILE I ATTEND TO SOME BUSINESS OUTSIDE!

AN OLD MUNITIONS PLANT, EH?

SMALL ARMS MUNITIONS PLANT No. 54

LEFT WITH THE TWO GUARDS..

HMM... I'VE SEEN THESE MUGGS AROUND POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

LISTEN, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU TWO DOING A LITTLE STOOL PIGEONING AROUND HEAD-QUARTERS?

DEM DAYS IS OVER—WE'RE VANNY'S MEN NOW. HE PAYS GOOD!

MAYBE A LIST I SAW MENTIONING **TWO PIGEONS, CHILLED**, WOULD INTEREST YOU? A LIST MADE BY VANNY!

WHY, YOU...!

SHUT UP—LET HIM TALK. I NEVER TRUSTED VANNY TOO MUCH!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THOSE TWO GUARDS AFTER THIS JOB. THE GANG HATES THEM.

SNAP IT UP, MEN! I'M GOING TO ASK THOSE SLEUTHS IF THEY BLABBED TO THE COPS!

REACH! FOR INFORMATION OF THEIR PROPOSED BUMP-OFF YOUR EX-STOOLIES WISED US TO THIS SET-UP AND FREED US, AFTER WE TOLD THEM OF YOUR PLAN TO "CHILL" THEM!

WHAT ??

BUT LIFE CERTAINLY HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS!

LUCKY I HAPPENED TO GLANCE IN!

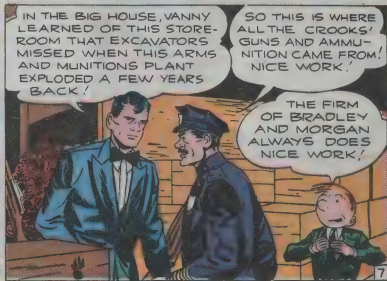
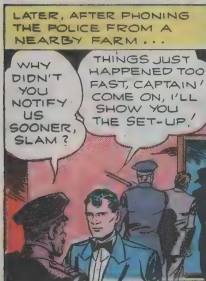
OUCH, MY WRIST!

GOOD WORK, LEFTY!

NOT FOR LONG, THOUGH!

MAYBE NOT SO LUCKY, RAT—C'MERE!

YOW! HE'S PULLIN' ME THROUGH!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DETECTIVE COMICS published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1944.

State of New York) ss
County of New York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the DETECTIVE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 557, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 150 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor: Nym Business Manager J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington

Ave., New York 17, N. Y. H. Dunsfield, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. P. M. Scaupner, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None.

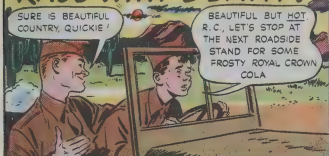
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My Commission expires March 30, 1946)

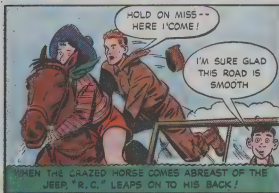
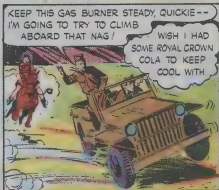
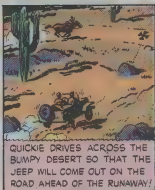
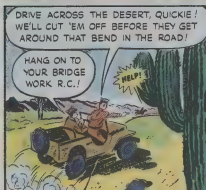
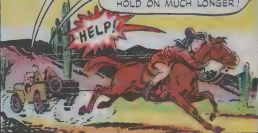
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

RACE WITH DEATH!



MAN ALIVE! THAT HORSE IS REALLY RUNNING, R.C.

YOU MEAN IT'S RUNNING AWAY! TURN THIS BLITZ BUGGY AROUND AND STEP ON IT! THAT GIRL CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!



WESTERN STAR

JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:

HE'S PLENTY RIGHT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

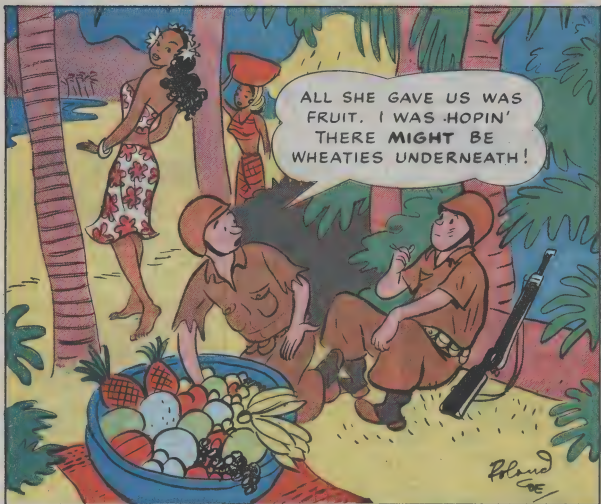
"Yes, kids, Royal Crown Cola's the champ all right!" says Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny tasted leading colas without knowing which, and picked Royal Crown Cola as, best-tasting. Try it today. You get TWO FULL GLASSES in every big 5c bottle!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

Johnny Mack Brown, star of Monogram's "WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE"

Colex, 1944, Nests Corporation



WHAT! NO WHEATIES!

YOU JUST NATURALLY TEAM UP FRUIT AND MILK AND THOSE BIG, CRISP-TOASTED FLAKES. AND YOU JUST NATURALLY GO FOR THAT CHAMPION WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT....WHEN YOUR APPETITE GETS ACQUAINTED WITH WHEATIES FAMOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR. GET YOUR SHARE OF GOOD NOURISHMENT AND GRAND FLAVOR AND SWELL FUN. GIVE YOURSELF LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"...EVERY MORNING!



LOOK FOR THAT FAMOUS ORANGE AND BLUE PACKAGE

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

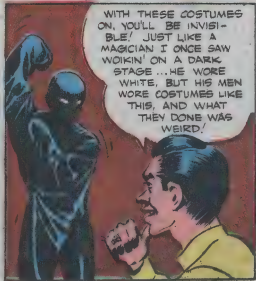
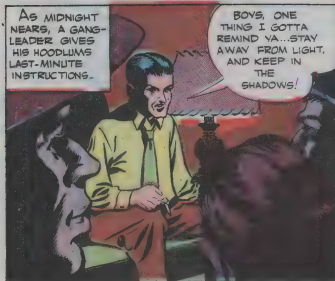
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AIR WAVE

ROSSO



"STUFF SEEMED TO BE MOVIN' FROM ALL OVER THE STAGE INTO THE MAGICIAN'S HANDS- HIS MEN WERE CARRYIN' IT, BUT NOBODY COULD SEE 'EM!"



OKAY, BLACKIE, I DON'T MIND DOIN' A LITTLE MAGIC ...IT IT'LL MAKE DA DOUGH DISAPPEAR FROM DA BANK!

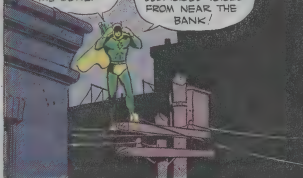
JUST FOLLOW ORDERS, AND IT'LL BE A CINCH! COME ON!



BUT THE CRIMINALS' CALCULATIONS HAVE OVERLOOKED CRIME'S MOST FEARED NEMESIS, *Air Wave*!

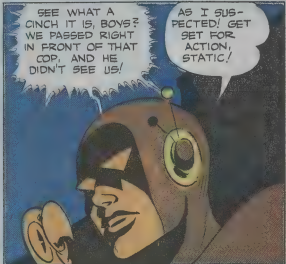
HE LAUGHS LAST WHO DOESN'T GET THE JOKE!

QUIET, STATIC! MY RECEIVING SET JUST PICKED UP SUSPICIOUS VOICES FROM NEAR THE BANK!



SEE WHAT A CINCH IT IS, BOYS? WE PASSED RIGHT IN FRONT OF THAT COP, AND HE DIDN'T SEE US!

AS I SUSPECTED! GET SET FOR ACTION, STATIC!



THAT WINDOW'LL BE EASY!

WHERE CAN THEY BE? I CAN HEAR THEIR ACTUAL VOICES NOW, BUT I CAN'T SEE THEM!

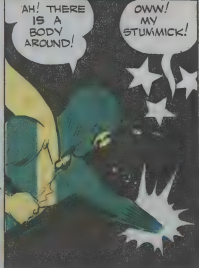


BUT I SEE SOMETHING NOW. EYES WITHOUT BODIES!

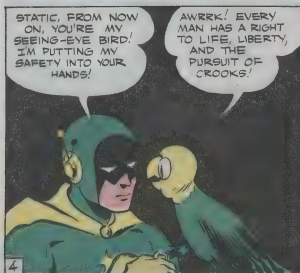
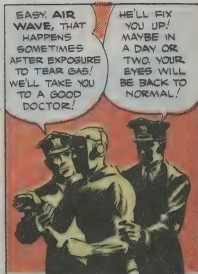


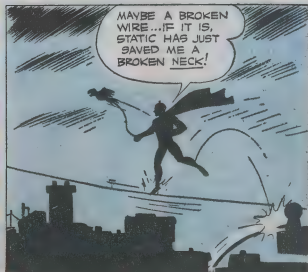
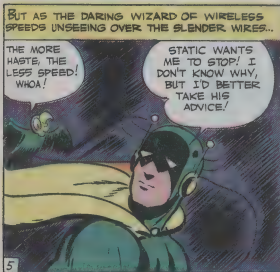
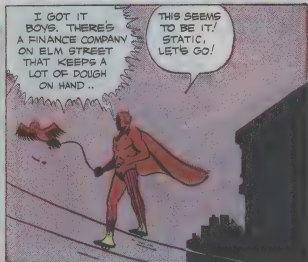
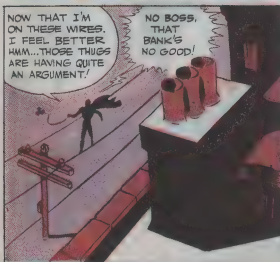
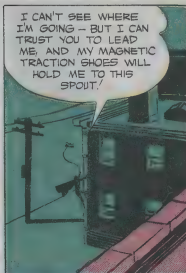
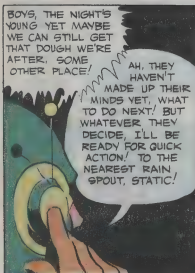
AH! THERE IS A BODY AROUND!

OWN! MY STUMMICK!









AND PRESENTLY, UNDER THE SURE GUIDANCE OF THE PILOTING PARROT...



YES, AND IF THERE ARE ANY MORE TEARS TO BE SHED — YOU'LL SHED THEM!



NOT ONLY INVISIBLE, BUT HOLLOW-SOUNDING!

AWWRK! LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN!



THANKS FOR THE TIP, STATIC!



Shortly...

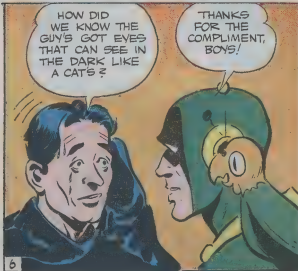
YOU GOT THEM THIS TIME, *air Wave!*

YEAH, WE HAD A GREAT SCHEME! AND EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT IF *air Wave* HADN'T GOT WISE!



HOW DID WE KNOW THE GUY'S GOT EYES THAT CAN SEE IN THE DARK LIKE A CAT'S?

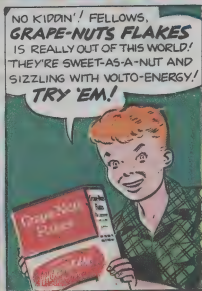
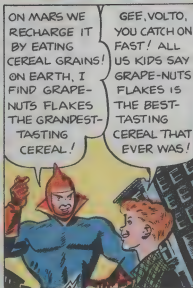
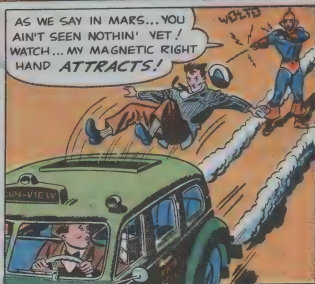
THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, BOYS!



BUT FAR FROM SEEING IN THE DARK FOR THE TIME BEING I CAN'T EVEN SEE IN THE LIGHT! BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN JAIL!



The End-





*I was there,
brother...*

YOU SAY YOU'VE SEEN ME BEFORE? I wouldn't be surprised.

Maybe it was at the village green at Lexington. I stood my ground—didn't fire until fired upon—but they meant to have a war, and I let it begin there.

Maybe you've heard of a place called Valley Forge? So have I. It was a tough winter, all right. I should know. Those bleeding footprints in the snow were mine.

Might be that you ran into me on the fields of Gettysburg. They made a speech about me. Maybe you forget what I did there. I was one of the guys who gave that last full measure of devotion.

Yes, I remember the Alamo, too. You see, I held it. 187 Texans against 6000 Mexicans. We never surrendered.

Then it seems there was a little trouble in France. Lafayette, I was there. And how I was there. I turned the ground red with my blood—but when the smoke cleared away, you can guess whose flag was planted on that ground. Look me

up—at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

You think it was somewhere else? Maybe it was. Maybe it was Bataan. Maybe you remember the four months we held out there with practically nothing for ammunition but guts.

Yeah. I was there all right. The Infantry is always there.

That's right, brother. Infantryman. Doughboy. Do-it man. That's me. I'm the guy they mean in the communiques when they say, "John Doe wiped out 3 machine gun nests singlehanded." I'm the guy who came off those boats at Salerno. Who held the beachhead at Anzio. Who stormed the coast of Hitler's Fortress Europe.

I'm that thin black line you see weaving through valleys and over crags on that chart where it says, "American troops advanced 10 more miles today." And when those troops start marching down the streets of Berlin, just keep an eye on me. I'll be in the front row. Look for the crossed rifles on the insignia and the crossed rivers on the map.

See you in the papers, brother. On page 1.

Keep your eye on the infantry... the doughboy does it!

THREE-RING BINKO

OUR SUPER-DUPER BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE, WHO IS CONSTANTLY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NEW HEADLINE MATERIAL FOR EVERY BRANCH OF SHOW BUSINESS...

FLEAS, MY GOOD FELLOW, IS WHY I AM HERE!— FLEAS, I MIGHT SAY, ARE MY VERY LIFE — I AM KNOWN UP, DOWN, AND ACROSS, AS 'FLEA CIRCUS FINIOPOLUS'— I HAVE MY ENTIRE TROUPE OF THE LITTLE CHAPS RIGHT HERE 'IN THE BAG'— ACROBATS, CYCLISTS, TIGHTROPE WALKERS, TRAPEZE ARTISTS, CONTORTIONISTS, ETC.' ONE FLASH AT THEIR 'ROUTINE' AND YOU'LL FALL OVER YOURSELF GIVING ME A CONTRACT!— HOWZABOUT A 'FLASH', CHUM?— HUH?— HOWZABOUT IT?

SHOOSH!— MY POOR DELUDED FRIEND— MODERN FLEA CIRCUSES DON'T RATE A NICKEL A GROSS!... SIT YOURSELF DOWN A WHILE AND I'LL SPIN YOU THE YARN OF CARMENCITA ESMERALDA CONCHITA! FROM SUNNY SEVILLE IN SPAIN, A ONE-FLEA ROAD COMPANY ALL BY HERSELF!



RUMOR HAS IT THAT SHE FIRST CAME INTO OUR COUNTRY WITH A LOAD OF SPANISH ONIONS, NO MATTER... THE IMPORTANT LINK IN OUR STORY IS THAT ONE, FELIPE GONZALEZ LAPAZOLA TARARA (CALL ME CHICO) CAME WITH HER AND TRAINED HER ON THE WAY OVER..

AS SOON AS HIS SHIP LANDED, CHICO RUSHED INTO MY OFFICE WITH HIS STARTLING CARMENCITA— THE ONLY SINGING FLEA IN THE WORLD, (HE PARKED HER IN ONE OF HIS BUSHY EYEBROWS, BY THE WAY) AND --

OMMA GONNA CALLS YOU CARMENCITA, KEEB— COME ON NOW, BEBBY, SING A LILLA SING FOR POPPA-CHICO.



SHEEZA JOOSTA LEETLE HOARSE NOW, AMIGO, MEPPY FROM THE OCEAN BRIZZ, BUT YOU KETCH SWITT MOOSIC, NO?

I KETCH!— CAN SHE GIVE WITH THE HOT BOOGIE-WOOGIE?



-- I SAW A GOLD MINE FALLING RIGHT INTO MY LAP, SO I SEALED HIM ON THE SPOT WITH A CONTRACT THAT T.N.T. COULDN'T BREAK ...

NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR CONTRACT, CHICO -- EVERY MONTH YOU'LL GET WHAT EQUALS ONE-HALF A SPANISH PESETA -- BOYBOY -- BY 1984 YOU'LL START TO GET RICH -- AND -- STOP -- KISSING -- ME!

BUENOS, AMIGO -- IF CHICO NO LIKE, CHICO NO KISS, VOILA!!



NEXT I HAD TO DRESS UP THE ACT -- I GOT THE BEST FLEA-COSTUMER THE MARKET AFFORDED -- STAGE SETS, FLEA SPOT-LIGHTS, A SPECIAL PHONOGRAPH WITH FLEA-MUSIC RECORDINGS -- AND MOST IMPORTANT -- THE FINEST SINGING TEACHER MONEY COULD HIRE!

QUICK NOW -- CLOSER BY THE MOOZIG, CARMENCITA -- NOD SO MUCH ON THE 'OOMPH' -- AND IT COMES OUT SWEEDER!!



WELL, BUB, FROM THE VERY FIRST SHOW, CARMENCITA HAD THEM STANDING TWELVE DEEP IN THE AISLES -- (AND BY THE WAY, I HAD HUGE AMPLIFIERS HOOKED UP THAT THREW HER VOICE ALL OVER THE LOT) --

IN ONE MONTH EVERY TROUPE ON OUR CARNIVAL'S BOOKS WAS RIDING AROUND IN FIVE GRAND 'LIMMIES' -- THAT OF COURSE WAS BEFORE THE G.G.P. -- GREAT GAS PANIC!



BRAVO! ENCORE! BRAVO! DOUBLE BRAVO!

WE PLAYED TO DOUBLE-PACKED HOUSES IN EVERY TOWN ON OUR TOUR, AND WE HAD TO CHANGE OUR BOOKING DATES A HUNDRED TIMES, DUE TO UNEXPECTED 'DEMAND' STOP-OVERS ...

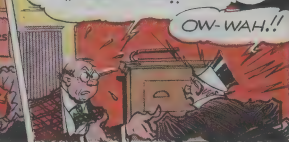
CARMENCITA HAD BECOME A NATION-WIDE SENSATION -- AND BELIEVE IT, OR DON'T, FOR ALL I CARE -- THAT LITTLE FLEA KNEW IT!

BOYBOY! SHE SURE IS A RIOT -- I STILL DON'T BELIEVE MY OWN EARS!

MY DEAR, WHEN SHE CLOSED WITH THAT ARIA FROM 'JOSSLYN', I FAIR SWOONED!



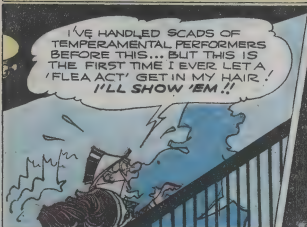
THE QUEEN, CARMENCITA'S GONE TEMPERAMENTAL, BOSS -- SHE WOULDN'T WORK TO-NIGHT! SORRY -- I HAD TO REFUND \$12,694.50!!



OW-WAH!!

.. I FIGURED I'D NIP ANY SHENANIGANS LIKE THAT RIGHT IN THE BUD, -SO I RUSHED RIGHT OVER TO CHICO'S FLAT-

I'VE HANDLED SCADS OF TEMPERAMENTAL PERFORMERS BEFORE THIS... BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER LET A 'FLEA ACT' GET IN MY HAIR!
I'LL SHOW 'EM!!



OH, SI, SI, SENOR! - MEPPY THE CHARMING LI'L CARMENCITA WAS WHAT YOU CALL IN ANGLEESH 'YOOST A TRIFLE INDISPOSED, -NO? TOMORROW YOU SEE, I FEEX HEVERYSING HOP HOKEY-DOKE, DON'T YOU SHOULD SLOM THE DOOR, GONG HOLT!



... AND THE NEXT DAY EVERYTHING WAS SMOOTHLY BACK IN THE GROOVE - BUT, I, KNOWING TEMPERAMENTAL HEADLINERS FROM WAY BACK, EXPECTED THE UNEXPECTED TO HAPPEN ANY SPLIT-SECOND!

THE NEXT BLAST THAT ROCKED ME BACK ON MY HEELS--AND EVEN YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS ONE - CARMENCITA REFUSED TO GO ON IF THERE HAPPENED TO BE A SINGLE PUP IN THE AUDIENCE! - CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT IN A HEADLINE? EXTRA!
FLEA HATES DOG!! - WOW!!

CARMENCITA HAS BEEN ON A DIET YOU SAY? A DIET OF WHAT, IF I MAY BOLDLY ASK?

BIRDSEED, MADAM-STRICTLY HIGH-TENOR BIRDSEED-NEXT PLEASE!

CLEARANCE!



OBOY! WAIT'LL THE S.R.C.A. HEARS ABOUT THIS!!

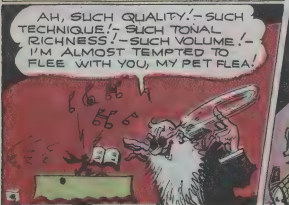
NOTICE!
NO DOGS ALLOWED ON CARNIVAL GROUNDS
'CAUSE WHY?
'CAUSE CARMENCITA NO LIKE



THROUGH ALL THIS, THOUGH, CARMENCITA STUCK TO HER MUSIC STUDIES, AND I MUST ADMIT, ALTHOUGH IT POPS MY CORNS, SHE SOON ZOOMED INTO THE UPPER BRACKETS OF THE OPERATIC CLASSICS...

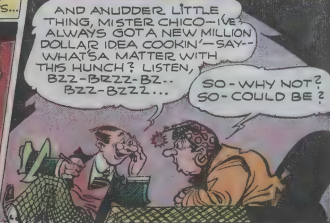
THEN CHICO STARTED TO GO UPPITY- HE GOT HIMSELF, OF ALL THINGS - A HIGH-PRESSURE PRESS AGENT!

AH, SUCH QUALITY! - SUCH TECHNIQUE! - SUCH TONAL RICHNESS! - SUCH VOLUME! - I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO FLEE WITH YOU, MY PET FLEA!



AND ANUDDER LITTLE THING, MISTER CHICO - (I'VE ALWAYS GOT A NEW MILLION DOLLAR IDEA COOKIN' - SAY-- WHAT'S A MATTER WITH THIS HUNCH? LISTEN, BZZ-BZZZ-BZZ... BZZ-BZZZ...

SO - WHY NOT? SO - COULD BE?



FROM THEN ON, CHICO AND HIS NEW STREAMLINED PRESS AGENT WERE INSEPARABLE- THEY WERE CLOSER THAN A SET OF SIAMESE TWINS- AND QUICKER'N A WINK THEY WERE BOTH SWIMMING IN A SEA OF 'MYSTERY MONEY'!

.. WE ALL KNEW BY NOW THAT THE DAYS OF THE SHOW WERE NUMBERED- CARMENCITA WASN'T EVEN WORKING HALF-TIME... AND OUR AUDIENCES WERE 'STAYING AWAY'- IN DROVES.

WELL- WHADDA Y'KNOW 'BOUT THAT? NOW THEY'VE GOT THEIR OWN PRIVATE YACHT- NO LESS!!

BOSS, IT'S MUTINY!!

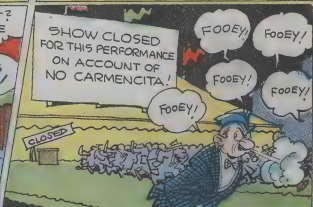
S.S. CARMENCITA



SHOW CLOSED FOR THIS PERFORMANCE ON ACCOUNT OF NO CARMENCITA!

FOOEY! FOOEY!
FOOEY! FOOEY!
FOOEY!

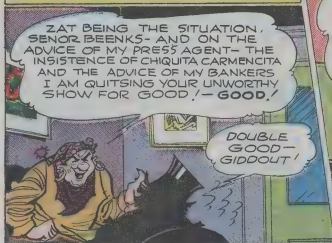
CLOSED



- AND THEN FINALLY IT HAPPENED- UGH!

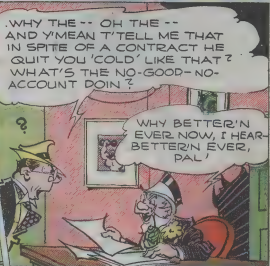
ZAT BEING THE SITUATION, SENOR BEENKS- AND ON THE ADVICE OF MY PRESS AGENT- THE INSISTENCE OF CHIQITA CARMENCITA AND THE ADVICE OF MY BANKERS I AM QUITTING YOUR UNWORTHY SHOW FOR GOOD! - GOOD!

DOUBLE GOOD- GIDDOUT!



.. WHY THE -- OH THE -- AND Y'MEAN T' TELL ME THAT IN SPIE OF A CONTRACT HE QUIT YOU 'COLD' LIKE THAT? WHAT'S THE NO-GOOD-NO-ACCOUNT DOIN'?

WHY BETTER'N EVER NOW, I HEAR BETTER'N EVER, PAL!



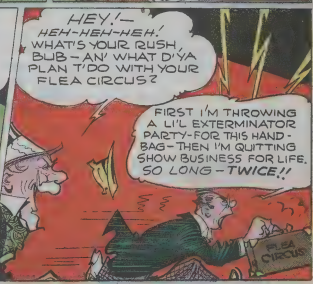
THE WAY I HEARD IT- FOR SIX MONTHS, CARMENCITA WAS SINGING OPERATIC ARIAS FOR A RECORDING OUTFIT UNDER THE NAME OF 'DONNA LA BELLE BELLADONA'- SHE CLEANED UP IN RECORD ROYALTIES AND NOW IS LIVING BACK HOME WITH CHICO IN 'CASTLES IN SPAIN'!!

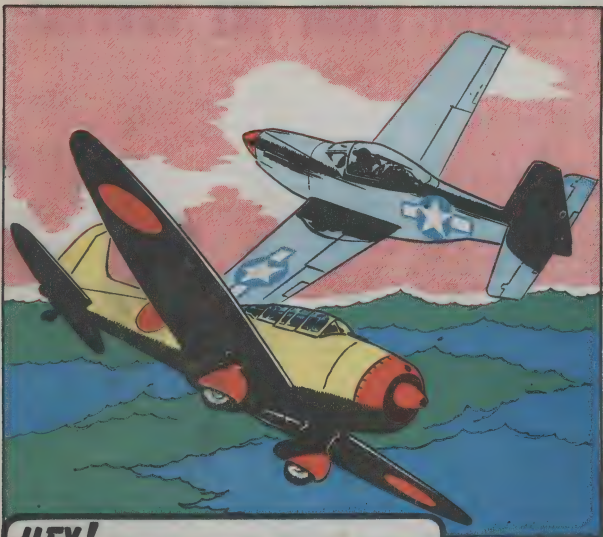
OWCH!



HEY!- HEH-HEH-HEH! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, BUB- AN' WHAT D'YA PLAN T'DO WITH YOUR FLEA CIRCUS?

FIRST I'M THROWING A LI'L EXTERMINATOR PARTY- FOR THIS HAND-BAG- THEN I'M QUITTING SHOW BUSINESS FOR LIFE. SO LONG- TWICE!!





HEY! GET THESE NEW, FLYING MODELS

Hurry! Get the newest Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Models. Send for easy-to-build, cut-out models of North American Mustang P-51, one of the fastest fighters in the world and Aichi (Val) 99II-DB, the Jap's Pearl Harbor suicide ship. Authentic copies of these deadly fighters—exactly like those illustrated above. Printed in full color, on special paper cover stock. Models that actually fly—up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Send for your planes today. Be first in your neighborhood to build and fly these exciting new models.

ONLY WITH WHEATIES. These new kinds of flying models were developed exclusively for Wheaties. They can be obtained only through Wheaties—as your extra dividend for eating those swell-tasting whole wheat flakes. Use easy-to-mail coupon. Or just send your name and address with one Wheaties box top and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Box 7510-C, Chicago, Illinois. Remember, this is a limited offer—good only while supplies last, or until May 1, 1945. So send at once. Get going and get flying.

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TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY

JACK ARMSTRONG
Box 7510-C, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying models: U.S. Mustang P-51 and Jap Aichi 99II-DB.

I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and five cents.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

PRESENT FROM THE GENERAL

by Stan Carter

WHEN Paw shook me, and his words, "Jarvis, Jarvis boy, get up," reached my sleep-laden brain, I remember the first thing I thought of was that this was Christmas.

Christmas! It was what we kids had been looking forward to for weeks now. Not even the war that hugged us to it could dampen our spirits. We were going to have some sort of Christmas, no matter what happened.

I got out from under the heavy covers, then shivered as my bare feet touched the icy boards. For a minute I wished I hadn't hung up the only pair of wool socks I owned, wool socks Maw had made four months before this.

I peered outside the window as I rushed into my trousers. It was a disappointing sight, a sullen leaden sky, which promised snow any minute. I managed to stifle my disappointment, because I knew we'd be getting those stockings filled downstairs, and I'd bring out the new sled I had made for my sister, Janice, and the doll for Charity. Billy would get a surprise at the boat, too. We Chancels were really good at making boats. Everyone who lived around the river knew that.

"Paw," I chattered, and it was the cold in the room which was making me do it, "we'll have to work fast to get everything ready for Christmas. I wish we had done it last night."

That would have been impossible, though, and I knew it. Paw hadn't come home. I had waited, along with Maw, until the wee hours. Then I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer.

When Maw promised to wake me, I agreed to go to bed.

I thought of this suddenly, and was going to mention it. Paw's next words stopped me.

"There isn't going to be any Christmas in this house today, Jarvis," he said softly. "There's man's work to be done."

"No Christmas? Work today?" I could scarce believe my cold-stung ears. I guess I did nothing but stare blankly at Paw. I thought of the kid's presents hidden in the root cellar, and their faces when they'd hear the news. I thought of the way Maw had scrimped and saved these past weeks, putting food aside so that on this day, despite the enemy, we Chancels would enjoy the Christmas we so loved.

I knew then that we were only kids. I wonder, now, if I sobbed?

My father's voice was sharp. "Look hasty, Jarvis Chancel," he said, "and bundle up well. It do be freezing cold outside. We must take to the river."

"To the river?" Could I again believe those ears of mine? "But Paw," I protested, "it would be fair folly on the river now. Not even boats as stout as ours could withstand the strength of the ice. Nor could a man stand the cold."

Grimly, my father said: "A man alone can stand it. But he must be a man." Then, impatiently, "Hustle into that coat, boy. Come along."

Nor so much as an explanation. Nor did my mother, waiting downstairs, offer me light. In the dim-mist dawn, I could have sworn her eyes were red from crying. Yet when she kissed me,

adding to my puzzlement, they seemed to glow.

"Go with your Paw," she said, huskily. "And God bring you back to me this day."

My father, at the door, said impatiently, "Enough, Mary." To me, "Come, son."

Had there been further sleep left in my eyes, the icy cold would have dispelled it. Cold it was, and sharp as my hunting knife.

I stared at the scene outside the house. Sleds, ten of them, and loaded with friends and neighbors. I saw boys of my own age, huddled in blankets covering all but their eyes. Had I but known, those eyes were as baffled as mine. I had no time to speak, however, for my father pushed me toward our sled. George Elders, one of my schoolmates, was sitting in a back seat. He pushed over, and I slid beside him. The horses reared, then pushed forward, Sparks sprang from their shoes, which rang on the hard ice.

"Where are we going, George?" I asked. "Why are we all here?"

He could only shake his head, huddle closer to me for warmth. In the driver's seat, Paw was talking to Mr. Elders, trying to make himself heard over the howling of the wind. Once, I heard the words. "He is going to try to cross the river."

The landscape was as familiar to me as my own name. We were following the river road. But why? Why on this day of all days? Were we in danger from the enemy? I couldn't believe this, else Paw would have seen to it that Maw and the kids be placed in safety.

I didn't dare question him
(Continued on inside back cover)



The 604 COMMANDOS

in
"The SINISTER
LEAGUE!"



ORDER OF THE DAY:
Fascism has
gone under-
ground! Our
job is to root
it out --
completely!
Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

BENEATH THE BROKEN-
AND NOW PEACEFUL-
SURFACE OF A GER-
MAN TOWN, LURKS A
DEADLY PERIL! BUT
CAPTAIN RIP CARTER
AND HIS FIGHTING BOY
COMMANDOS ARE
NOT ASLEEP- AND
WHEN THE VICIOUS
FORCES RISE UP
AGAIN FROM UNDER-
GROUND... THE ARMED
MIGHT OF THE DEFEND-
ERS OF FREEDOM IS
READY FOR ANYTHING!

BY JOE SIMON
AND JACK KIRBY



THE FIRE AND FURY OF WAR HAVE PASSED, LEAVING A DEVASTATED LAND BEHIND... IN THE TOWN OF ROZHAFEN, GERMANY—WHERE THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE TEMPORARILY STATIONED—LIFE IS BEGINNING AGAIN...

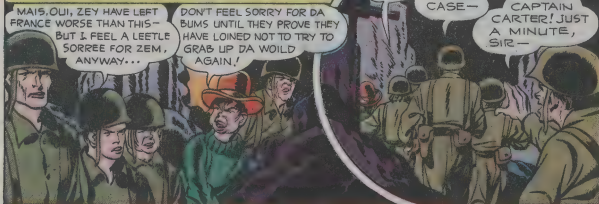
MAIS, OUI, ZEY HAVE LEFT FRANCE WORSE THAN THIS— BUT I FEEL A LITTLE SORREE FOR ZEM, ANYWAY...

DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR DA BUMS UNTIL THEY PROVE THEY HAVE LOINED NOT TO TRY TO GRAB UP DA WOULD AGAIN!

JA! BROOKLYN IS RIGHT!

WE MUST BE JUST AND FAIR— BUT STILL HOLD A BIG STICK IN OUR HANDS... JUST IN CASE—

CAPTAIN CARTER! JUST A MINUTE, SIR—



MAJOR SMALLENS WANTS TO SEE YOU AT ONCE, SIR. HE SAID IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

THANK YOU, I'LL GO SEE HIM AT ONCE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... AT THE TOWN COUNCIL...

GLAD YOU CAME SO SOON, CAPTAIN. WE'RE FACED WITH AN UNUSUAL AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS SITUATION! SERGEANT, WILL YOU REPEAT YOUR REPORT.

YES, SIR. THIS MORNING I FOUND THAT GUNS AND AMMUNITION HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING FROM OUR STORE-ROOM!



SO I WAITED MY CHANCE, AND SURE ENOUGH, I FOUND ONE OF THE MEN FROM THE TOWN— A GERMAN HE WAS, SIR— STEALING THEM! I FOLLOWED TO FIND OUT WHAT HE DID WITH THE GUNS—

WHAT DID YOU FIND, SERGEANT?



I SEE THIS MAN HIDE THE GUNS IN THE WOODS. I MARKED THE SPOT AND CAME BACK TO REPORT. HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I SAW HIM.

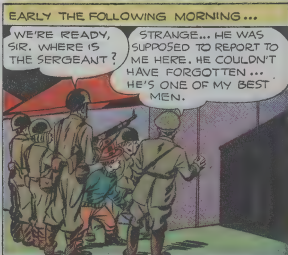
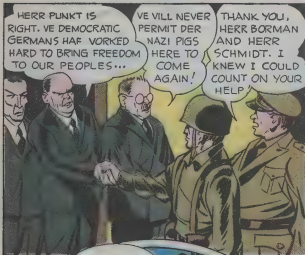
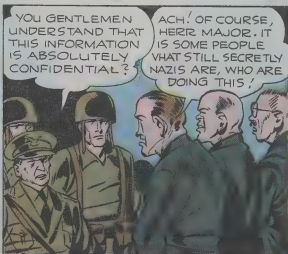
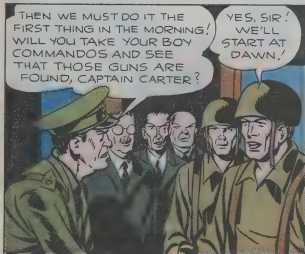
MAJOR SMALLENS, I THINK WE SHOULD GET THOSE GUNS BACK AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN!

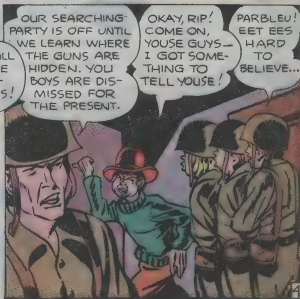
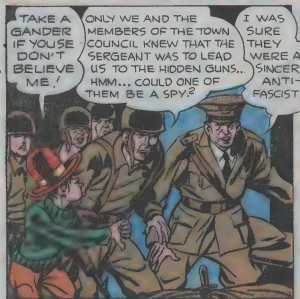
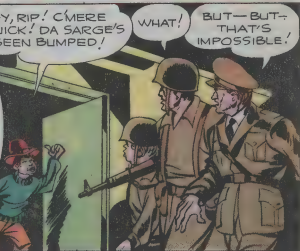
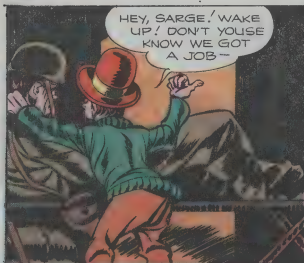


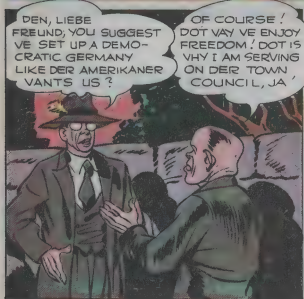
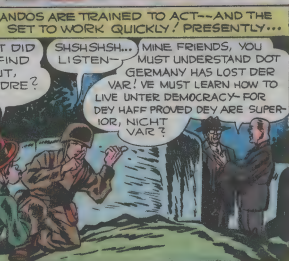
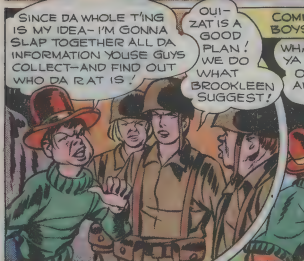
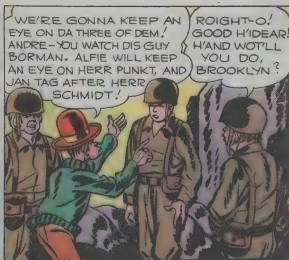
CAN YOU LEAD US TO THE SPOT WHERE THE GUNS WERE HIDDEN, SERGEANT?

I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR. IT'S TOO DARK ALREADY...









CAN BROOKLYN'S HUNCH BE RIGHT? HERR SCHMIDT HAS BIG PLANS...

VE MUST ALL VORK UND REBUILD OUR COUNTRY! VE MUST MAKE NEW FACTORIES... NEW CITIES... SCHOOLS... JA! NEW HOMES FOR OUR CHILDRENS!

IDT SOUNDS GOOT, HERR SCHMIDT!



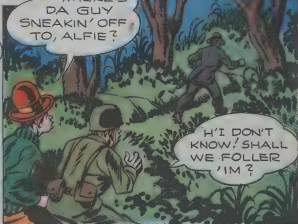
VE MUST LEARN HOW TO LIVE A DIVERENT LIFE! VE MUST MAKE A LIFE OF PLENTY OF FOOD UND GOOT THINGS FOR EFERY-BODY-UND VE CAN DO DOT IF VE ALL VORK TOGETHER...

DISS HERR SCHMIDT TALKS LIKE HE'S GOT BIG PLANS UP HIS SLEEVE!



BUT ALFIE'S QUARRY IS ABOUT TO ESCAPE...

WHERE'S DA GUY SNEAKIN' OFF TO, ALFIE?



H'I DON'T KNOW! SHALL WE FOLLER 'IM?

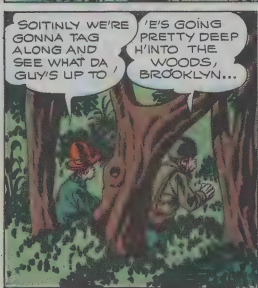
DIS GUY COULD BE A NAZI TRYIN' TO START DA FACTORIES GOING AGAIN AND BUILD UP DA COUNTRY SO'S DEY CAN TRY TO CONQUER DA WOLD AGAIN! YOU KEEP CLOSE TO HIM WHILE I GO GET ALFIE...

JA! HE SOUNDS DANGEROUS...



SOITINLY WE'RE GONNA TAG ALONG AND SEE WHAT DA GUY'S UP TO

'E'S GOING PRETTY DEEP H'INTO THE WOODS, BROOKLYN...



BLIMEY! 'E H'IS THE BLAWSTED NAZI!

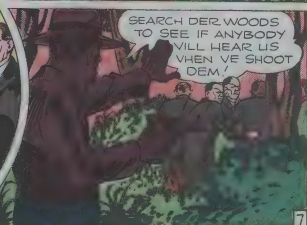
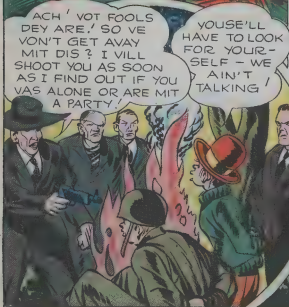
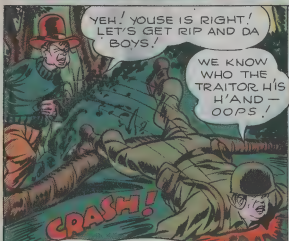
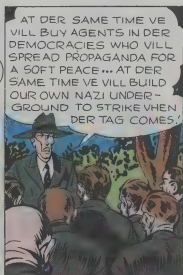
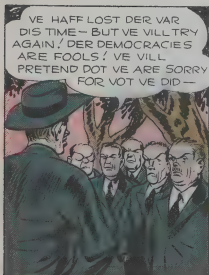
HEIL HITLER!

HEIL!

HEIL!

HEIL!







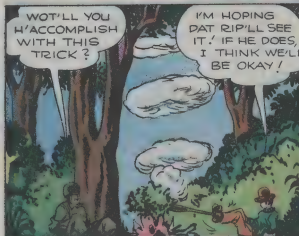
I WILL ALSO GO LOOK! YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE HERE UNTIL VE COME BACK!

DAT'LL GIMME A CHANCE TO WOIK SOMETHING OUT... HMM... I T'INK IT'LL WOIK...



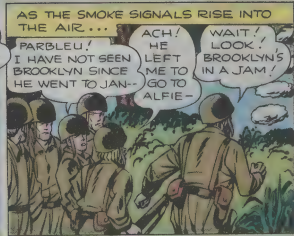
DAT'S WHAT I SAID, ALFIE. DROP IT IN SO'S THE FIRE WILL GIVE A LOT OF SMOKE...

H'ALL ROIGHT! H'I DON'T KNOW WOT YER TRYING TER DO - BUT H'I 'OPE H'IT WORKS!



WOT'LL YOU H'ACCOMPLISH WITH THIS TRICK?

I'M HOPING DAT RIP'LL SEE IT.' IF HE DOES, I THINK WE'LL BE OKAY!

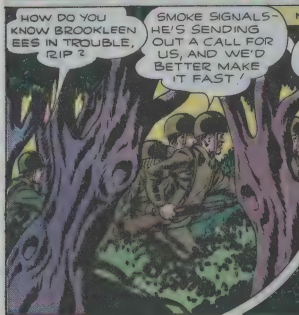


AS THE SMOKE SIGNALS RISE INTO THE AIR...

PARBLEU! I HAVE NOT SEEN BROOKLYN SINCE HE WENT TO JAN--

ACH! HE LEFT ME TO GO TO ALFIE-

WAIT! LOOK! BROOKLYN'S IN A JAM!



HOW DO YOU KNOW BROOKLEEN EES IN TROUBLE, RIP?

SMOKE SIGNALS- HE'S SENDING OUT A CALL FOR US, AND WE'D BETTER MAKE IT FAST!

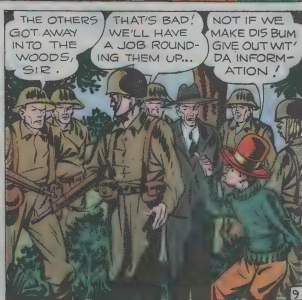
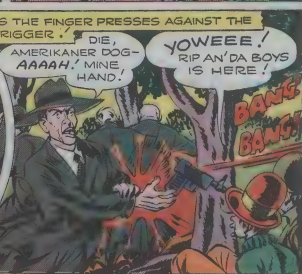
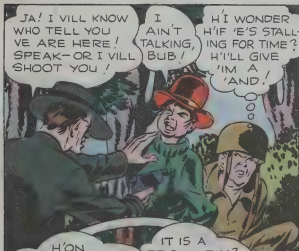
MEANWHILE, AT THE NAZI HIDING PLACE...

THERE IS NO VUN NEAR OUR CAMP! I WILL SHOOT DER SCHWEIN-

OKAY- BUT YOUSE WON'T FIND OUT FROM US WHO TOLD US YOUSE GUYS WERE HIDING OUT HERE!

BLIMEY! WOT'S E TALKING H'ABOUT?







PRESENTLY... AT THE TOWN COUNCIL...

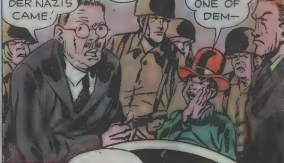
YOU REALIZE, PUNKT,
THAT YOU WILL BE TREATED
AS AN ASSASSIN FOR
THE MURDER OF THE
SERGEANT... UNLESS YOU
TELL US WHO
DID KILL
HIM!

I DID NOT KILL
THE SERGEANT!
IT WAS DER
LEADER OF OUR
SECRET NAZI
LEAGUE.



TO HAVE YOU EXECUTED—
DOT VILL BE WHAT YOU SHOULD
BE! VE HONEST GERMAN
VANT TO REBUILD OUR WORLD
UND LIVE LIKE DECENT PEOPLE—
HE'S AN-
LIKE VE DID BEFORE
DER NAZIS
CAME!

PSST! RIP-
DA GUY IS
PUTTING ON
AN ACT!
HE'S AN-
LUDDER
ONE OF
DEM—

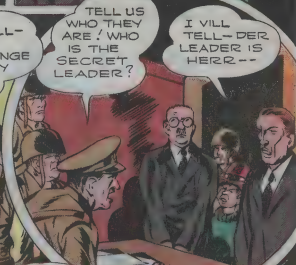


YOU HAFF DONE A TERRIBLE THING—
UND NOW YOU MUST DIE FOR THE
GOOD OF DE GERMAN PEOPLES!
VILL YOU SPEAK BEFORE YOU
DIE— TELL US DER NAMES
OF DER OTHERS?

I WILL—
IN
EXCHANGE
FOR MY
LIFE!

TELL US
WHO THEY
ARE! WHO
IS THE
SECRET
LEADER?

I VILL
TELL— DER
LEADER IS
HERR—



SUDDENLY—A
SHATTERING SOUND!

DIE! TRAITOR
TO THE FOURTH REICH
THAT WILL SOMEDAY
RISE AGAIN!

AAAAAH!

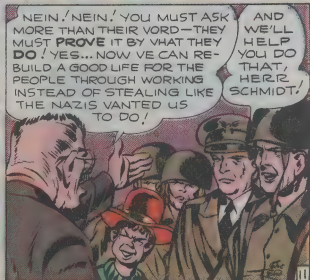
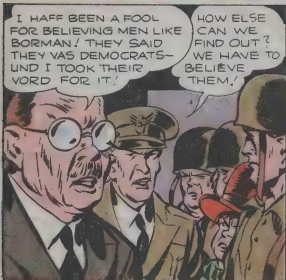
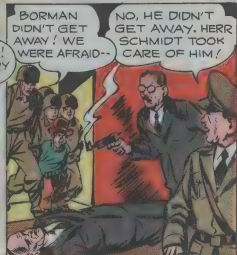
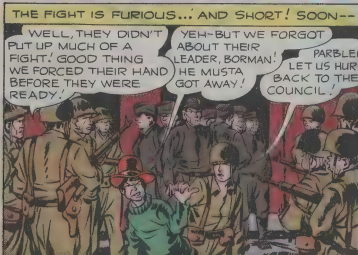
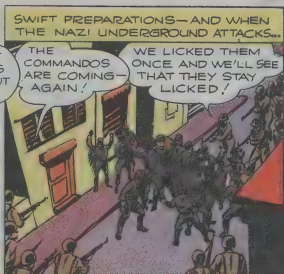
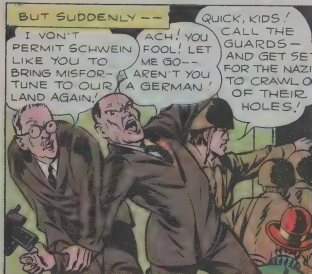
JA! I AM DER
SECRET LEADER! HE WAS
GOING TO TELL YOU ANY-
WAY! NOW I SHOOT
THREE TIMES... SO!
UND MY MEN VILL RISE
IN REVOLT—IT IS MINE
SIGNAL TO
THEM!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

HERR
BORMAN!

YEH!
I DIDN'T
LIKE DA GUY'S
LOOKS RIGHT
FROM DA
FOIST!

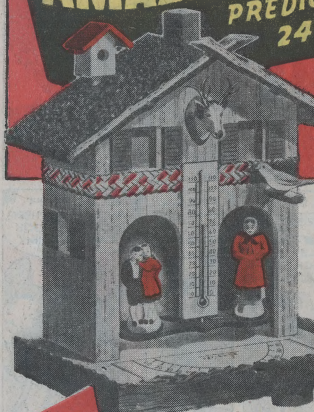




OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

7 1/2" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then "test the Weather House accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. NM
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Value-free—for instant action. It will grow in your room placed in the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every touch. The small plants may be detached and carried if desired. When placed in water, it grows new and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. The plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rated very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbor now where we find out what the weather is going to be. We naturally think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. J. S. Ammer, Oshkosh, Wis.
"I have built 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away or give. They are wonderful."
Mrs. J. F., South Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House in a friend's home and I was very glad to see it. I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. L. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."
Mrs. D. B., Shreveport, Iowa

further. In miserable silence we rode for hours, a line of horse-drawn sleds, with riders miserable, too. Food we had none, and, as the hours drew on, hunger gnawed at me incessantly, just as it must be doing to the others.

Now, I knew not the landscape. The afternoon was waning and, at the approach of dusk, our horse began to limp. I marvelled that he could be keeping up his mile-consuming pace so long. Paw, I was sure, noticed the wheezing horse, but he said nothing. I began to wonder whether this was only a dream and that, presently, I'd awaken in my own warm bed to hear my brother and sisters clamoring, "Jarvis, come downstairs. Santa Claus has been here."

It was George Elders who saw them first in the fast-closing night. They were standing on the high bank above the river, long columns of them.

Our Army — ragged, cold tired!

But what were they doing here? What was their mission? Our sled drew closer and I could see the frozen, pinched faces of the men. One or two of the soldiers waved at us feebly.

With a start, I realized we

had stopped. My father was already out of the sled, talking to an officer. The man shook his hand warmly, pointed down river.

I hadn't noticed them before. But now I saw them, many boats were crawling perilously through the slate-gray water, trying to fend off great cakes of ice, which smashed against them! Our Army was moving on water. Back and forth the boats crawled, like giant bugs.

People began getting out of the sleds and, with my father in the lead, we fought our way against the wind and snow to the river bank. "This is where we stop to work, Jarvis," my father shouted in my ear. "This is where they need rivermen." He paused a moment, put his gloved hands on my shoulders. "You've got to row like never before, Jarvis boy," he said solemnly. "This Army needs men like us."

Yes, they needed men, and I guess we boys, boys like myself, and George Elders, and Casper Meade, and Martin Mooney, became men that Christmas night. For only men could have done that job, could have withstood the cruel cold, could have rowed as we did. That we were sore needed was evident in the faces of the

soldiers, whom we ferried across the ice-packed river

These men were tired, dog-tired and weary beyond all human endurance to be weary. Yet, uncomplaining, they were going through with this thing, for in their eyes burned the light of freedom. And never shall I forget it.

Back and forth, back and forth, across the river we went—

Then I saw *him*, saw his boat pass us. He was standing up in it, looking toward the far shore, where soon Destiny would touch his shoulder again. And in his eyes was the light, the light that said, "This is another blow for freedom. Soon it shall be ours."

I knew then that General Washington was on no fool's errand. Within a matter of hours the cruel Hessians would be in rout at Trenton, fleeing from a Christmas present they would never forget. A gift from George Washington and the colonies he would soon weld into a united nation!

By the way, when we learned later of the General's stunning victory, need I say it was the nicest Christmas we Chancellers ever had?



NOT TO BE REPEATED!

Remember this about anything that concerns our armed forces or our war production:

If you **HEAR** it from someone . . . *don't repeat it!*

If you **SEE** it yourself . . . *don't repeat it!*

If you read it in personal letters . . . *don't repeat it!*

What you privately hear, see, or read may not seem important to you. But Axis agents piece together *big* military secrets from many little scraps of conversation overheard all over our country.

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READY FOR FUN

The New Improved DAISY

CHATTERMATIC

RAT-TAT-A-TAT

Ready for you for Christmas or anytime—the new, improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC—America's most famous sub-machine play gun! (Not an air rifle.) Safe, thrilling fun. Shoots "NOISE"—and plenty of it! CHATTERMATIC has realistic handgrip, round machine-gun style magazine. Jet black barrel. Natural wood-finish stock with patriotic VICTORY INSIGNIA. Turn the firing crank...feel that easier, smoother "shooting action"...hear that exciting "Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat-Tat!" Sturdy, all-wood construction. It's the best—a DAISY! Ask your folks to mail only \$1 plus 10c for postage-handling direct to Daisy. We'll ship yours at once!

Hurry!

Smooth Action
SUB-MACHINE
GUN

Only

\$1.00

BANG!

BANG!

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New SMOOTHER-ACTION Pump Repeating BANG-Gun

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Get this safe, new, improved DAISY COMMANDO in your hands—slam that husky stock to your shoulder—grab the pump action and make her go "BANG! BANG! BANG!" Enjoy these desirable features: (1) Military-type gun sling. (2) New, heavier, huskier barrel. (3) Louder "BANG!" every time you work the pump action. (4) Smoother, more positive pump action. (5) Rear barrel DOUBLE-METAL-ANCHORED on stock for greater sturdiness, longer use. Red forehand, gun-black barrel. Natural finish stock with VICTORY INSIGNIA on it. Be a Commando—enjoy this exciting harmless fun—get your repeating Daisy Commando now! Ask the grown-ups in your family to send only \$1.50 plus 10c postage-handling charge for your genuine Daisy Commando.

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These new, improved Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. Both guns are harmless yet supply fun, action and satisfying noise to children 4 to 11 years old. Superior DAISY quality, durability, craftsmanship is built into each gun. Order DIRECT today. (Prices subject to change without notice.)

FROM A MOTHER

"Thanks for making last Christmas the happiest ever for my little boy (8) and girl (6). The Daisy play guns were greeted with whoops of joy! My husband marveled at their 'like real' looks and their noise. I was impressed by their durable construction and their low cost. They're both safe, good play guns and any Mother will call them the answer to the Gift Problem for birthdays, Christmas or any day."
(Mrs.) V. S. Holte—Scotts, Wash.

FROM A BOY

"Rush me another Com-mando! I think it's a wonderful gun I used my old Commando about two years now I want the new, better one. All the kids say its looks and actions are so real. My folks like it because it's so safe and well-made and doesn't cost much."
Richie Smith—Billings, Mont.

FROM A GIRL

"Soon as my brother Ted

got his Chattermatic I had to have one too. So here's the money Mother gave me to buy it with. Several of my girl friends are going to get theirs soon. It makes a dandy noise, is so easy to use and so much fun!"
Diane Hudson
Falmem Manor, N. Y.

FROM A FATHER

"The Daisy Chattermatic and Commando I bought for Billy and Bob last Christmas are the finest type workmanship I've seen on any

wooden 'War-Time' play guns. That name 'DAISY' on the stock means the same quality, reliability and performance it meant to me 25 years ago when I, too, had a Daisy. After the war, my sons will be old enough for a real Daisy Air Rifle and I'll teach them how to shoot. Made while, these beautiful, harmless Daisy Pump Guns you now make for younger boys and girls, are the best Christmas gift I know of. Keep up the good work!"
(Mr.) George Greene
Little Rock, Ark.

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(Please PRINT Name, Address Plainly)



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